THE
State QUACKS,
OF THE
Political Butchers, &c.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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THE State QUACKS, OR THE *Political Botchers*;

Being a Deſcription OF THE STRANGE OCCURRENCES OF THE Preſent TIMES.

LONDON:

Printed, and Sold by S. KEIMER, at the *Printing-Preſs* in *Pater-Noſter-Row.* 1715.

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IF ever *any* Year might juſtly be called a Year of WONDERS, this ſeems with the greateſt Reaſon and Authority to lay Claim to the Apellation, and ſupercede the Titles of all that have gone before it: The ſurprizing Revolutions and Events; the Advancement of ſome, and Cataſtrophe of others; Theſe rais'd to the higheſt Pitch of Honour, whilſt others, humbled from the very Height of Power as well as Grandeur,

and are

are ſunk into the loweſt Abyſs of Contempt and Scorn, look ſo like Paradoxes, that Poſterity will ſcarcely Credit the Report, and Futurity will believe the Hiſtory to be nothing but a *meer Romance*.

Could Antiquity retrieve, or ſucceeding Ages anticipate their Fate, could our Anceſtors throw off the Chains of Corruption, break open the Priſons of their Graves, bid Defiance to the Univerſal Conqueror of Mankind; again converſe with Matter, and take Cognizance of Humane Affairs; or could the Children that are yet unborn, the Progeny of yet unbegotten Ages, reverſe the Order of Nature, and be indulged with a Perſonal Knowledge and Information of the Tranſactions and Occurrences of this preſent Age; how would they be confounded with Admiration, and ſcarce give Credit to themſelves! Nothing that is already paſt, would ſeem Wonderful to the former, nor would any Thing, that the Womb of Futurity can produce, be ſurprizing to the other.

But yet the moſt unaccountable of all, is this, that Men, not Things, are principally affected with theſe Occurrences, and tho' a general Transformation has paſs'd upon moſt, if not all, yet few or none are ſenſible of the *Metamorphoſis*: Nor has the Contagion ſpread itſelf only among Men,

but

but the ſofter Sex are infected; neither is it this or that Order or Rank of People, but Clergy and Laity, High and Low, Rich and Poor, Wiſe and Fooliſh, Old and Young; in a Word, the Diſtemper is become Epidemical and Univerſal; and even I myſelf, whilſt I am Writing, muſt acknowledge, that I am tainted with it, and that this very Piece, like Cauſe and Conſequence, is the genuine Product of the ſame Original.

'Tis true, all Perſons are not alike infected, nor is the Transformation ſo compleat in ſome, as others; but like the Production of Animals, after the Univerſal Deluge, ſo ingeniouſly deſcribed by *Ovid*, that great Maſter of Poetry and Invention; when the Mud being impregnated by the Warmth of the Sun, brought forth living Creatures of various Kinds and Forms; He is pleas'd to tell us, that whilſt ſome Part of the ſame Creature remain'd undigeſted Clay, the other was endow'd with Life and Motion; others were only form'd, but were not quickned or enliven'd in any Part, whilſt ſome again were compleat and perfect in both Reſpects.

Whether the *Metamorphoſis* written by that celebrated Author, were merely the fictitious Product of a fruitful Brain, contriv'd only for Amuſement and Diverſion,

or

or whether they were Allegorical, pointing out the Manners and Behaviour of Men, matters not; 'tis ſufficient, nothing in them is more incredible, or affords more proper Subjects for Speculation, than this preſent Treatiſe, and yet not a Syllable is to be found herein, which will not ſtand the Teſt of Reaſon, and comes no way ſhort of a Demonſtration.

For tho' theſe Changes and Transformations are not Corporeal, and on the Bodies of Perſons, but on their Minds, yet are they Real and Self-evident in Converſation; and what renders them the more ſurprizing in themſelves, (I mean the frequency of Examples,) does yet in Practice abate the Wonder and diverts our Obſervation.

What is more common, and yet what can be more amazing in itſelf, than to ſee the Tribe of *Levi* forgetting their Duty of Goſpel-Teachers, even in their Pulpits, raiſing a Diſcourſe of Politicks from a Text of Scripture, that means nothing of it? And on the contrary, to find a Cobler in his Stall, or a Taylor on his Shop-board, encroaching on the Sacerdotal Office? And what a diverting Spectacle is it, to ſee a Prieſt in his Canonical Habit, transform'd to a Peripatetick *Bibliopola*, or into a *Mercury*, hurrying, with his Gown-ſleeves ſtuff'd with Pamphlets from one Book-

ſeller's

ſeller's Shop to another's, laying down his Sixpenny Packets of Academical Nonſenſe, to be expos'd to Sale?

What a pleaſant Sight is it to ſee ſuch a One purſuing the Hawkers and Halfpenny Pamphleteers from one end of the Town to another, hunting them through all their Holes and Corners; and not content with this, betraying his Friends and Acquaintance, that he may acquire the honourable Character and Title, as well as Office, of *Informer-General*; raiſing the Trophies of his Victories on the Ruins of the Tribe of Half-Crown Scriblers and Authors, whilſt his own elaborate Performances cannot find a Chapman, but muſt be printed for the Author, and the very firſt Edition diſpos'd of in a Lump, after indefatigable Pains, to furniſh waſt Paper to a Chandler's Shop?

What glorious Triumphs are theſe, that though he cannot, as a Miniſter of the Goſpel, beat down the Kingdom of Satan in the World, nor expel Sin out of the Souls of Sinners, yet he can drive the ſcurvy Authors out of their Holes, forcing them to flee for Shelter from one Garret to another, whilſt the bawling Promoters of low-priz'd Nonſenſe, feel the Weight of his informing Vengeance, and may read their Indictments, written on their Backs in ſanguine Characters, by the unmerciful Hands of an inſulting

ſulting Beadle? What Tranſports muſt it raiſe in ſuch a Soul, to hear his miſerable Captives groan in ſecret Dungeons? And what exalted Joys muſt this afford, to think that their Voices muſt be no more heard in our Streets?

How ſurprizing is it to ſee one Man ſtepping out from behind his Counter, putting himſelf at the Head of 100000 Men, and over a Diſh of Coffee, engage the *French* and *Spaniard*, giving them a Total Rout, killing 50 or 60000 in the Field, and puſhing the reſt into a River; ſitting down before the Gates of *Paris*, or carrying it Sword in Hand; entring *Madrid* in Triumph, raviſhing the Golden Treaſures of *Peru*, and then returning Home laden with Spoils and Honours?

How diverting is it to ſee a poor Botcher, who was ſcarce ever ſo happy as to ſee Twenty Shillings of his own Money, and it may be knows not how to make uſe of ſo many Pence to the beſt Advantage, managing the vaſt Treaſure of the Nation, and from an humble Stall, where his Employment was, to refit thoſe Veſtments which old Age had impair'd, and to patch up thoſe Delaceralions, which were below the Dignity of a Taylor to concern himſelf about, put on the Stile and Office of Lord-Treaſurer of *Great Britain*, reform the

Abuſe

Abuſe of the Treaſury, and botch up all the Miſmanagements of the Publick Caſh?

What Merriment muſt it afford, to ſee the Ladies handling Politicks with the ſame Nicety as they do their Snuff-Boxes, or inſpect Affairs of State with as much Concern as they do their Looking-Glaſſes, to regulate a miſplac'd Patch, or Re-compoſe a Diſorder'd Curl?

Words are nothing but Wind, and therefore I ſhall leave theſe Talkers to the Care of our Aſtrological Doctors, who may, at their Leiſure, reſolve theſe following Lawful Queſtions, by their noble Art and Skill, *viz.*

Whether this Diſtemper be not the Cholick of the Brain? Whether it is likely to prove mortal or not? Whether it proceeds from ſome malevolent Aſpects and Conjunctions of the Planets? Whether curable, or incurable? And laſtly, Whether it is convenient for Perſons ſo infected to go into Converſation, and theſe, contrary to the Rules of good Manners, to belch and break Wind in the Faces of the Company?

I ſhall now proceed to ſuch as have diſtinguiſh'd themſelves by their Labours; and as it is impoſſible to enumerate all, ſo I ſhall confine my ſelf to ſuch who are moſt popular, as being agreeable to my firſt In-

tention. And here, not to break in upon the Rules of good Manners, or invert the Order of Precedency, which by immemorial Cuſtom, as well as Claim, belongs to the Tribe of the Scaramouches, as being the Deſcendants of a very ancient and noble Family; for, as they aſſert, the firſt Founder was no leſs Perſon than one of the Twelve Patriarchs, noted for ſome Quality, which was none of the beſt, and which ſeem almoſt inſeparable from their Tribe; and to prevent farther Clamours, I ſhall begin with them. Now though it ſeems difficult to aſſign the Poſt of Honour to any particular Perſon amongſt them, without diſguſting others, yet I ſhall adventure to begin with the Leader of their forlorn Hope, who had ſufficient Courage, or rather *Aſſurance*, to bid Defiance to a Kingdom.

Don Henrico Furioſo, de Monte Igne Vomante, and one of the Fathers of the Inquiſition, Prieſt of the Order, *&c.* a moſt celebrated Author. No ſooner can you lay your Fingers on one of his Performances, but the Lightning flaſhes in your Face; for, like *Jaſon*'s Bulls, which fed on nothing but Salt-Peter, Sulphur, and broken Thunder-Bolts, and breath'd Fire and Death, ſo theſe are full charg'd with Anathema's, the dreadful Curſes and Impreca-

tions

tions from the infernal Regions. The very Titles are big with rolling Thunder, and and ſtrike the Reader with Horror and Amazement. And as thoſe Bodies, which are hurried with Violence and Impetuoſity, ſeldom keep a regular Motion, ſo you will find him to be excentrick in all his Writings, Rage breaking through the Bounds of Modeſty and forcing Grammar, Idiom, and Chriſtianity it ſelf to flee before it. This is that mighty He, who is a Match for a *Sanhedrim*, and whoſe Picture does adorn the *Roman* Palaces; who can open the Eyes of Thouſands, and make them plainly perceive the *Churches Non-exiſtent Danger*; this is the mighty *Atlas* to ſupport her Weight, the invaluable *Achilles*, whoſe ſingle Arm is Self-ſufficient to protect Her from, and defend Her againſt the moſt violent Attacks of Schiſmatick Enemies; the crafty *Ulyſſes*, whoſe Policy alone can diſcover all the chimerical Plots that are contriv'd againſt Her, and whoſe Eloquence can maintain Her Cauſe againſt all Opponents who are in *Nubibus*, with the utmoſt Strength of Argumentative Railery, and the Rhetorick of *Porta Billingſgenſis*.

This is that learned He, who ſcorns to be confin'd to antiquated *Priſcian*'s Directions, or *Lilly*'s duller Rules; but with a Magiſterial Authority, refines the Idiom

of

of his Mother-Tongue, enlarging its former Bounds, by giving uncontroulled Liberty to Speech, and authorizing genuine Nonſenſe, to trample down the Fences that have been made againſt it, that ſo his Language may run Parallel with his exalted Notions, and both keep equal Pace with his extenſive Learning; which, rather than want a Quotation from a *Roman* Author to maintain his Hypotheſis, can forge it upon the Anvil of his own fruitful Invention, and produce it without a Bluſh.

This is He, whoſe extenſive Charity for the Preſervation of the Being and Oeconomy of the Church-Militant whilſt on Earth, and Her Tranquility and Repoſe when Triumphant in Heaven, has paſs'd a damnatory Sentence on all Schiſmatick Rebels and falſe Brethren, leaving them to the Direction of the Devil and his Angels.

This is that *Oedipus*, whoſe Wiſdom can reconcile inconſiſtent Oppoſites, and teach Paſſive-Obedience and Non-Reſiſtent Principles to deſpiſe Government, and fly in the Face of Sovereign Authority, with this Proviſo, that thoſe who put this in Practice are true Sons of *High-Church*, and have Wit enough, like himſelf, not to diſcover what that *High-Church* is, till a favourable Opportunity preſents. Their late Diſappointment has left this as yet a Myſtery; but

but we need not doubt, had *Perkin* gotten the Aſcendant, we had by this Time been inform'd, at the Expence of our Brains, and *High-Church French* Dragoons had inſtructed us in the Articles of their Faith, by *Apoſtolick Blows and Knocks.*

Segnior Luca Hot Spurri di Monte Capitoline, may juſtly challenge the ſecond Place; an incomprehenſible Author, who for many Years ſucceſſively hath ſent forth his annual Syſtems of High-Church Divinity, to the no ſmall Edification of the judicious Rabble: This is that experienc'd Champion, who taking his Advantage of the Time, in the coldeſt Seaſon of the Year, puts the Trumpet to his Mouth, ſounds an Alarm, and calls the Sons of High-Church to their Arms; and tho' he never fails to lay hold of every Opportunity, to beat up the Quarters of Schiſmatic Enemys, or to fall upon their advanced Party's, when or wherever he meets with them, yet then eſpecially they feel the powerful Efforts of his Victorious Invectives, and his vigorous Attacks oblige the weaker Forces of his Adverſaries to flee before the invincible Squadrons of Triumphant Railery and Incorrigible Scurrility.

Whilſt other Authors clog the weary Preſs with unweildy Volumes, the painful Labours of Retirement, and immenſe Products

ducts of Forty or Fifty Years, exhauſted by Nocturnal Lucubrations, which at laſt, notwithſtanding all the Embelliſhments of Learning and Philoſophy are loſt to the major Part of Mankind, his incomparable Tracts are compriz'd in a little Bulk; and Phyſicians Itinerant, notwithſtanding their ſpecious Pretences of Charity for the Poor, fall vaſtly ſhort in that excellent Diſpoſition, and of our unparallel'd *Italian* Doctor's Perfections in that Reſpect; for although they may now and then give a ſingle Remedy out of Oſtentation and Policy, to promote a Trade, yet the Packet is never ſold under Two-pence, and if Diſeas'd Perſons want that Sum, they muſt want the Cure alſo; but he, good Man, willing that all ſhould partake of the Fruits of his indefatigable Labours, and moſt profound Skill, deſires, like the Succeſſors of St. *Peter*, no more than a ſingle Peny; and beſides what his Charity prevails upon him to beſtow *Gratis* on indigent Patients, who cannot reach that Price, to ſtir up Charity alſo in other well affected Perſons to beſtow their Benevolence this Ways, he ſells his Divinity-Packets by the Dozen for a ſmaller Price.

Theſe are the dull Productions of Midnight-Studies, when the melancholy Hours paſs heavily away, and the Brains are ſtupify'd with a Surcharge of extended

Thoughts,

Thoughts; and every Sentence is forg'd with Pain and Difficulty; the Vivacity of the Animal Spirits being mortify'd by the insufferable Drudgery of unsupportable Cogitation.

These are not the jejune Performances of an empty Stomach, and a Body macerated with uninterrupted and corroding Meditation, or debilitated by too frequent and almost quotidian Abstinence; these are not the Offspring of a Brain disturb'd, and perhaps almost distracted with Thoughts and Care, for an half-starv'd Carcase, and a Numerous craving Family, where Want and Penury appear in every dreadful Form that Necessity can suppose; and every Object fills the Dismal Scenes of Ruine with additional Horror, and heap Vexations on the desponding Wretch.

But these are the vigorous Results of sublime Prosperity, (exalted above the Reach of injurious Fortune,) and a Mind freed entirely from anxious Care, elevated to the highest Pitch of Vivacity, and supported by the generous Influence of the noblest Wines. These are not the dull phlegmatick Efforts of drowsie Hours and tortur'd Nights, wire-drawn with Violence and Fatigue from a Genius spent and enervated by a Surplusage of Toil and Misery; but the Rhapsodies of the brightest Hours

and the clearest Thoughts, the Extasies or Raptures of an exalted Soul, carried beyond the Abilities of Nature, the Flights of unrestrained Zeal, and the Efforts of High-Church Charity.

Charity, did I say? It deserves a more refined Character, which will permit not one supposed *Republican Antimonarchical* Sinner, to have a Residence in the Bosom of the Church, or to be within a possibility of Salvation, till they recants his Errors, and avow his High-Church Principles; nay, which will not allow the least Corner in Heaven to those, who are not full Conformists to their Notions, but sends the *Non-Cons* in a Lump, tho' his Father was in that Number, to the Pit of Eternal Perdition and endless Misery.

Don ——— *Pictorio di alba Sacello*, must be acknowledg'd an Author no ways inferiour in Zeal and Courage to the former, but superiour in the absolutely necessary Talent of Assurance: I am not ignorant, that amongst the Men of Modesty and Moderation, as they call themselves, this is thought to be nothing less than Impudence and a brazen Front; but allowing what is Truth, yet in some Cases Men must be allow'd to make a Vertue of Necessity;

and even that must be confeſs'd to be no mean Acquirement.

Whatever is attempted by this Author, is certainly perform'd with an Air of Bravery and Reſolution above his Fellows; Who is that hardy He, who like him, durſt ſet himſelf in Oppoſition, and bid open Defiance to Law and Supreme Authority? Whatever ſome Perſons may account him, and endeavour to blacken his Character, as tho' he were too well affected to the *Romiſh* Church, I think 'tis falſe, paſt Contradiction, for the following Reaſons, *viz.* 'Tis plain he is not for Works of Supererogation, for if ſo, he would not have kept ſo cloſe to the Book of Canons, and have took his Audience to Witneſs, *that he had done all that was enjoined him*, as he thought, tho' ſome were of Opinion, and believ'd, that He *had left undone thoſe Things that he ought to have done*, as well as *done thoſe Things which he ought not to have done*. Nor is he, in the next place, for the Doctrine of Merit, leſt they ſhould carry him where he would not, and make him an Antipendium to the Triple Tree.

The Performances of this Author, if they fall ſhort in Eloquence and polite Language of ſome others of that Tribe, they certainly make amends for it, in their Warmth and Vigour. Not a Sentence, nay, ſcarce a

Word can drop from his Pen, but what is arm'd with Death, and every Paragraph carries Hell and Damnation with it.

This is he, who like a certain Aſtrological Conjurer, that lives in a Blind Alley, dares take upon him to be a Counſellor of Counſellors to Kings and Princes: But his principal Talent lies another Way, *viz.* Inflaming the Populace from Principles of *Paſſive Obedience*, and making *Non-Reſiſtance* break forth into Outrages, Riots, and Diſorder.

This is He, who can reconcile flat Contradictions to a Miracle, and whoſe Pupils are ſo well inſtructed, that they can tell a *Whig* by the Make of his Peruke, or the ſitting of his Band, and are ſo Zealous for the above-cited Doctrines, the Traditions of theſe Fathers, that in Compliance with, and Practice of them, no Authority is ſufficient, no Place or Time ſacred enough to reſtrain the Emotions and Violence of their Intemperate Zeal and Head-ſtrong Paſſions.

Satyr was always by the Ancients held in great Veneration; but the Manner of its Performance has been various, according to the prevailing Humours of the ſeveral Ages, or the Inclinations and natural Biaſs of the Authors; and at this day it is not leſs practis'd than in any preceding Times, but with this difference, that as in every

foregoing Age, ſome one particular Method of Satyrizing was generally in Repute and Practice, whilſt the others were diſregarded, now every ſort prevails, and ſeems to ſtand upon an equal Foot.

Some purſue the plain and open Method of expoſing Perſons as well as Things; but yet keeping within the Bounds of Truth: This ſort, however, is not in Eſteem with high Tantivee Scaramouches, who reject it as fit for none but Pedants, Puritans and Fanaticks; but make Choice of that, which is ſet off with all the Rhetorick of Slander, Calumny and Detraction, invidious and falſe Reflections, groundleſs Jealouſies and Surmiſes, with Names of Odium and Diſtinction, and a vaſt Heap of Epithets, as unintelligible to moſt Part of their Readers, as impertinent to their Purpoſe, and as falſe in Fact, as they are Scandalous and Injurious to the Perſons againſt whom they are directed; but to manage this Sort rightly, 'tis neceſſary that the Words themſelves naturally fall into an harſh, ſtrong, and violent Sound, which as they are confuſedly thrown together, may not only ſtrike the Ear like Thunder, but raiſe the Paſſions, and hurry the Rational Faculties into Confuſion; of this ſort, none is a greater Maſter than *Don Pictorio*, nor is there any that has equal Felicity of Genius this Way with himſelf

himſelf, every Sentence, throughout his Performances, abounds with Hyperbolical Examples of it.

Another ſort, which indeed in all Ages has been admir'd, but few has had Ability to Practice, and not many more to Underſtand, is that, which carries in it a ſharp and pungent, but cloſe, and, to vulgar Perſons, unperceivable Cenſure and Reproof; this is, in reality, the moſt refin'd and genuine ſort of Satyr, but beyond the Capacity of moſt Men, and allow'd to none, but thoſe of exalted Reach and Judgment.

A Fourth, much in Vogue in a Neighbouring Country, and of which, we very ſeldom ſee an Example here, is done by Painting. *Don Pictorio* has given us the Nobleſt Inſtance of this kind, without which the World had never known, *What*, or *Who Judas* was. I know, ſome have cenſur'd him herein, as tho' he had embrac'd the *Pythagorean* Philoſophy, and held the Tranſmigration of Souls; but ſuch abſtruſe Points being too Sublime for my meaner Abilities and Comprehenſion, I muſt refer it to the Learned to Diſcuſs; with this one Remark, that this is the only Time, within the Sphere of my Knowledge, that *Judas* was repreſented as a Dignify'd Clergy-Man of the Church of *England*.

Theſe forementionⁿ'd Gentlemen having, for ſeveral Years, made it their Principal Buſineſs

Buſineſs to mend the State; I refer it to the Reader's Judgment, when he ſhall have impartially examin'd their Productions, how well they have perform'd their Task; or whether they have not been Excentrick in this Affair, with reſpect to their Office, as well as miſtaken in their Politicks; and have, inſtead of mending the State, kindled thoſe Animoſities amongſt the People which will not be eaſily extinguiſhed.

Monſieur *Richardo Index Expurgatorio*, may here juſtly Challenge a Place; a pretty Pert Boy, who, tho' he has not yet left off his White Frock, nor got out of his Primmer, may, in Time, come to be ſomething more than Ordinary; he can already go on an Errand; fetch and carry as well as a Spanniel; can watch his bigger School-Fellows; tell when they play Truant, or Game for more than Farthings; if they ſteal their Exerciſe, or get any one elſe to Write it for them; inform againſt them if they tell naughty Stories, or find Fault with the Rules of the Schools, or the Behaviour of the Uſhers: If they have any naughty Books or Ballads, or offer to ſell them to others.

His Diligence is very Remarkable, having cauſed ſeveral, in the Petty-Form, to be ſeverely whip'd for this Practice, and to put it paſt Contradiction, laid out the Far-

things,

things, which were allow'd him to buy his Breakfaſt, and now then a few Apples, in half-Penny Pamphlets, and then told one of the Principal Uſhers of the School; ſo that playing at Pitch and Huzle, and trading in half-penny Books and Ballads, is quite and clean Ruin'd in the lower School, where it was only practis'd.

Nay, he has ventur'd to Accuſe ſome bigger Boys in the upper School, for talking againſt ſome of the Orders of the School; and inſtead of minding their Leſſons, or making their own Exerciſes, writing of New Orders, and Reaſons for putting them in Practice; for which one of them, was, by one of the Head Uſhers, order'd to be tied faſt to the Block, that he might not ſtir Hand or Foot, till the Matter ſhould be thoroughly examin'd; he having ſuggeſted, that this was a Plot carried on by the great Boys of the School againſt ſome of the Uſhers, to turn them out of their Places.

His Attainments and Modeſty, are no leſs Remarkable than his Natural Abilities; for though, as I told you before, he was not out of his Primmer, yet, in that, he can Read as well as a Parſon; and by his Induſtry has made a ſhift to learn to Write, and his Modeſty is ſo great, that, he would not inform his Maſter, by Word of Mouth, of theſe ill Practices amongſt his School-

Fellows,

Fellows, but wrote them in two Letters, and got one of the Uſhers, with whom he could be free, to go with him to one of the Head Uſhers and deliver them.

It muſt be allow'd, that conſidering his Standing in the School, the Compoſure of theſe Letters are extraordinary; 'tis true, there are ſome Places that are falſe Grammar, and others, where the Idiom may be ſomething amiſs; ſome again are a little incoherent, and the Senſe ſomewhat obſcure, perhaps hardly Senſe; but the worſt of all is, that ſome Things are down-right Phibbs, which has ſpoiled a good Old Proverb; That *Children and Fools tell Truth*: But what would you have of him, Gentlemen? He is but a Child, and when he grows bigger, or comes to be a Man, which will be *a long while firſt*, he will have more Wit, and leave off this naughty Trick of Phibbing, mend all his other little Faults, and write Correctly; and as he deſigns to be a Parſon, for now and then he will be aiming at, and does it prettily, if he be Encourag'd, may, in Time, make an extraordinary Canon, for he is already a ſuper-excellent Blunderbuſs.

To conclude, if he be not taken off from his Book, he may in Forty Years more arrive to as great a Pitch of Learning as the Famous *Shon ap Morgan*, and be able

to write and ſpell his own Name, with a very little Help.

The next Author, Mr. *Buſie-Man*, is a ſort of Amphibious Perſon, not eaſily to be plac'd in any Claſs, like ſome Creatures, that live both on Land and Water, and are ſo frequent on both, that 'tis hard to ſay which Element they more properly belong to.

At firſt, I was enclin'd to think him a *Spaniſh* Scaramouch, and that he was Preſident of the Fathers of the Inquiſition; but on ſecond Thoughts, I was induced to alter that Opinion: Had he been a *Spaniſh* Scaramouch, and Head of the Inquiſition, or but an *Examiner* in that Office, he muſt have touch'd on nothing but Religious Affairs, which is always the Pretence, whatever is the Cauſe of the Proſecution; and Hereſie is the Crime objected to the Priſoner, tho' his Money is his real Fault. But if he is a true blue Scaramouch, then *High-Church* is the Word, let the Cauſe be what it will; and 'tis for her Sake, that he intermeddles with Affairs of State, and pretends to mend, or rather botch up, all the Miſmanagements thereof; But whether the Character of a Scaramouch will hold good with a Weekly Scribler, is ſomewhat difficult to determine; and therefore I ſhall conclude he is a ſort of

of *Otter*, a ſtinking Creature, that lives either on Land or in the Water, either Church or State, uſeful to neither, but pernicious to both.

Had he been an *Examiner*, legally inſtituted, he muſt have been ſo in ſome Particular Court, or Office; but he that thruſts himſelf in for a Publick *Examiner*, is a Publick Nuſance, and deſerves to be treated like a common *Pick-Pocket*, or a *Buſie-Body* in other Men's Matters, eſpecially by the State; which is Examin'd into by this Authoratative Interloper, by whom the Miniſtry is Catechiſed, and before whom they ſtand Corrected.

But for once, let us Examine our *Examiner*, and Enquire into his Merit and Ability, and I fear we ſhall find him *wanting*, and altogether unfit for ſuch an Office. His Front is always charg'd with a Scrap of Latin, which makes him paſs for an extraordinary Scholar with the Ignorant, who underſtand nothing of it; and ſometimes ſerves to puzzle the half-Learned Scaramouches, and Hackney Scriblers of the Town; this contains the moſt part of his Learning, if not the whole; and when you have read the *Motto*, you have all that is worth notice. The Affronts and Indignities he offers *Priſcian* in every Paper, are

too many to reckon up, unleſs the Author were better worth the Labour, and ſo obvious, that every Reader, that is not ſupinely Indolent, or ſtupendiouſly Ignorant, may Remark them. Were a Jury of Criticks to ſit upon him, and bring in their Verdict, before an impartial Judge, the Conſequence would be dreadful; nor could he have Recourſe to any thing, but what his Clan, not many Years ſince, preſcribed to the Whigs, I mean *Prayers and Tears*.

His Religion and Manners are two Twins, that go Hand in Hand, and in the Judgment of Charity muſt be allow'd to be *none of the beſt*. He is very free with his Maker, and by his Practice, one might be induc'd to believe, that either He never learn'd the Third Commandment, or had gotten an Indulgence or Diſpenſation for the Breach thereof. For good Manners, 'tis queſtionable if he ever had any; but certainly, if he had, he left them behind him, when he was took from School, or loſt them at the Univerſity, together with the ſmall Stock of Learning that he carry'd thither. But if he has loſt Learning and good Manners, it muſt be allow'd he has acquir'd other Accompliſhments which are more Modiſh, *viz.* Railery in the moſt virulent Manner, and Scurrility in his Language to the laſt degree: That Party

muſt

muſt be brought to low a Ebb, that can find no better Patrons to defend them; but, I think, 'tis paſt Contradiction, that the Patron and Language are both as good as their Cauſe; and that Railery and Foul Language is all they have left, to defend themſelves withall.

I ſhall take my leave of this Saucy, Impertinent Author; only obſerving, that he is full of the *true Spirit of High-Church*, and can manage the Argumentative Part, as well as the beſt of them; which is, by Impudently *denying* known Truths, and poſitively *aſſerting* known Lies; for 'tis no Sin, with ſuch Perſons, to ſpeak againſt their Conſcience.

And now *Don Quixot* comes upon the Stage of Action; a Man of ſingular Courage and Ability; had he not riſen in this Critical Juncture, for the Deliverance of the *Tories*, what had become of them, is more than I durſt take upon me to aſſert: Every Day that he comes forth is an Execution Day; he is ſingly more than a Match for the adverſe Party, and at every Stroke of his Paper-Weapon, lays Three or Four of the *Whig* Champions ſprawling at his Feet; every Day ſome or other of them are ſacrific'd by his Hand, to the Infernal Lake,

Lake, whilſt he, Triumphant, bears down all before him.

'Twould be Criminal to queſtion this doubly Hero's Learning; it is Parallel to his Courage, and beyond the Capacity of *Whigiſh* Principles to Comprehend. He never accoſts his Adverſaries, but with true and genuine *Roman* Language, which muſt ſtrike Terror into all Opponents. The Claſſicks are his Familiars, and at his Command obſequiouſly incorporate, and twiſt themſelves with his Diſcourſes; ſo that his Performances, and Religion, are undoubtedly of a kind, and both allied to *Rome* by the ſtricteſt League and Covenant.

His Zeal is too Ardent to be deſcrib'd by Words; and were it not engag'd in ſuch a Cauſe, might ſtand in need of ſome Correction and Reſtraint; 'tis undeniably ſomewhat Immoderate, and to his Heat muſt be aſcrib'd thoſe Eſcapes, which *Whigiſh* Criticks may Cenſure as his Faults.

But conſider the wonderful Exploits he is engag'd in; Do Men in Paſſion, and the Heat of Battle ſtand for Polite Language, or Correct Speech? How Invidious is it to ſend the Gentleman, becauſe ſomewhat Warm, back again to his Spelling-Book,

or

or oblige him to conſult his Accidence every Sentence, to make true Concord? Diſcord is what he is engag'd in, and how oppoſite is this to Concord? What Buſineſs hath he with *Syntax*, who is ſo buſily employ'd in dividing between *Whig* and *Tory*, betwixt *High* and *Low-Church*; nay, dividing the *Whigs* from this World, and ſending them by Wholeſale to another? Why ſhould he be ſtrictly tied up to Idiom, who cannot ſtrictly be called a *Britton?* 'Tis but Juſt, as well as Generous, to make Allowance in theſe Reſpects to Foreigners. His Soul, his Religion is *Roman*; his Intereſt and Inclinations *French*; his Tongue is *Barleduc:* And, can you in Conſcience deſire a Gentleman, under theſe Diſadvantages, to write or ſpeak true *Engliſh?* Diſcourſe him in his Mother-Tongue, and then ſee how he will manage you: As it is, he is more than a Match for the beſt of you, and every Day one or other of your Number falls before him; and without Controle, he rides Lord Paramount, and *Controller* over all.

And now 'tis high Time to draw towards a Concluſion; Multitudes might have been added to theſe wonderful Perſons already named, to whoſe Indefatigable Pains in correcting the State, how much the Publick

lick is indebted, is beyond my Capacity to determine: But, whatever former Ages may boast, both as to the Number and Capacity of Statesmen, this may, undoubtedly, claim the Preference in both Respects; for never were there, as is manifest from the few foregoing Instances in this Kingdom, at one Time, *so many, and so Accomplish'd Politicians.*

FINIS.

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